

My Idea Of Fun by Confettibites

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Summary:

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Steve sighed. "Will you shut up and leave if I say no?"

"Not a chance."

My Idea Of Fun

Author's Note:

I just felt like writing something random to take a mini-break from my longer fics. So this is that.

It took Steve hours to prepare everything only for a last-minute change of plans to happen. It was no-one's fault really. But Steve kind of blamed Billy when he let out a nasty laugh, looking out of the window like they all did. Although, of course, Billy couldn't be blamed for the weather.

"I guess you have to reschedule this little get-together, Harrington," he said. "Doesn't look like you'll be having a BBQ or go for a swim any time soon." He added another laugh probably just because he could. He hadn't even been invited. So it wasn't his plans going to shit right there.

Lucas and Dustin were still arguing whether maybe this was a short-term thing and the sun would come back out in a minute. After Steve's short assessment, there wasn't any chance for this to happen. Not at all. The sky was clouded and a mean wind was blowing the beachballs, Steve bought for them, all over the place. Good thing he hadn't started with the BBQ yet. This would be dangerous with hot pieces of charcoal flying around here and there.

"That's unfair! The weather report didn't say anything about that!", Mike complained.

"That's true. I checked it like four times," Dustin added.

"Well, I guess, I'm taking Maxine home then," Billy announced. He was still looking like the only one who really enjoyed this.

"I guess, I take the rest of you, then. Can pick your bikes up when it clears, huh?", Steve said.

There were a couple of groans let out but the kids agreed eventually. Steve offered to move their little pool party to the next weekend his

parents would be out of town. They should be able to get a sunny summer weekend eventually. But for now, there was not much more they could do.

When Steve came back from delivering the kids back home, the Camaro was still parked in his driveway. Or rather it was parked there again. Steve frowned and squinted his eyes. Billy could have forgotten something. But Steve still couldn't omit the feeling that facing Billy always meant trouble of some sorts. Especially when the kids weren't around.

Passing Billy's blue car, he couldn't help but check for Max inside of it, but it was empty. Steve hurried over towards the entry because it was still raining cats and dogs. He still couldn't see anyone so stuck his head out from under the roofing, calling "Billy!". No answer.

Steve was cursing under his breath, debating whether he should just get inside. But for whatever reason, he walked towards the high gate that separated the front of the house from the poolside.

There stood Billy, body pressed against the wall of Steve's house, a cigarette in his mouth, lighting up when he inhaled. His stance changed when he noticed Steve and he threw the smoke on the ground, walking towards him.

"About time, you come back," Billy snorted. "How long can someone take to deliver a bunch of kids home?" He rolled his eyes.

"You're not gonna pick this up, huh?", Steve asked, watching the light of the cigarette dying in the rain.

"Would you unlock? I don't know if you noticed, but its pouring."

Steve sighed and then he nodded, catching up with Billy and getting his keys out of his pocket. He didn't ask any questions before he opened up the front door, enabling them to step into the dry house.

Billy shook his head like a dog, long strands of hair flowing from side to side with drops of water flying everywhere.

"Hey!", Steve complained after feeling a bunch of drops hitting his face.

"Come on, you're already wet, anyway."

Steve watched Billy losing his soaked jean jacket. He was still very unsure about what Billy was even doing here in the first place.

"Max forgot something?", Steve asked. He waited until Billy was done before he stripped out of his own jacket and put it on the rack.

"Nope."

Steve frowned and paused again. He thought that he might just not be getting it here like he was missing the obvious or something. But then Billy just walked deeper into Steve's house as if he owned this place. Still irritated, Steve followed him.

When he caught him, Billy was drinking out of a can of beer he obviously stole out of Steve's refrigerator.

Steve cleared his throat.

"Want one, too, Harrington?", Billy asked, pulling the door back open and looking for another beer without waiting for an answer.

"What- What are you doing here, Hargrove?", Steve asked.

Billy held a beer in his direction and because he was doing so for a few seconds, Steve finally took it, even if he didn't want a drink.

Next thing, Billy discovered Steve's mom's Kahlúa. Steve groaned and walked closer to get it out of his hand but Billy pulled away just in time. "What are you doing here?", Steve repeated.

"Oh, come on, King Steve," Billy grinned. "You might be able to fool those kids, but." He raised his chin and made an act out of letting his gaze wander through the room until Steve was following it. He let it linger on the chandelier and the artistic stucco on the ceiling but Steve still had no idea what Billy was talking about. "No way, this is the only pool situation in the house."

Steve blinked. "We don't have a spare pool."

"No," Billy shook his head. "I'm talking about the hot tub, pretty boy."

Steve didn't say anything to that and Billy's grin grew wider. Maybe Tommy and Carol had ratted him out on this. "Oh come on, Steve!", Billy rolled his eyes. "Sharing is caring and all."

"Why should I let you in my hot tub?"

"Because it's sad going in alone and also I got Kahlúa and..."

"You got my mom's Kahlúa!", Steve complained. "That's not even..."

"Pretty please?" Steve had no idea, Billy could come up with such a compelling smile there. He couldn't say no to that now, could he?

Steve sighed. "Will you shut up and leave if I say no?"

"Not a chance."

"Fine. I show you the hot tub then."

Billy looked pleased with himself so he didn't bother Steve anymore and followed without any complaints. Upstairs into the master bathroom.

"Wow, that is a fucking spa." Billy sounded surprised.

Steve shrugged. "It's probably the sauna," Steve guessed. That made this place look a little bigger than it actually was. Or maybe Steve was just used to the sight by now. Anyways, he walked over to the hot tub and turned it on.

"That's a sauna?"

"I'm not gonna sauna with you, Jesus Christ," Steve wanted to make this totally clear. While he turned on the hot tub he could hear Billy chuckle. He still wasn't sure what this was about but if he was being honest with himself here, he didn't mind the company that much.

"Where did you tell Max you went?"

"Cute, Harrington. Real cute. You really think she cares about where I go?"

"I just thought..."

"Susan allows her to watch tv when the weather's like that. So, you can bet your ass that's where she is. Would be surprised if she even noticed, I'm gone."

Steve thought about this for a moment. Especially whether Billy might be exaggerating on this. But then, his own parents barely cared where he was most of the time, so it must be the same with siblings. Or half-siblings. Or whatever their deal was.

By now, the hot tub was releasing steam and it was bubbling, looking all inviting.

For a moment, it almost appeared as if Billy was waiting for Steve's permission. Steve raised his brows but then Billy just walked over to the tub. He reached for the hem of his shirt, pulled it off and threw it on the ground. Steve's frown grew bigger when Billy popped open the button of his jeans. When he pushed them over his hips, Steve blushed and had to turn away. Of course, he was going commando. And of fucking course, he didn't bring shorts for this.

"I- I could lend you some trunks if you..."

"No need," Billy disrupted him. "I'm good."

Steve heard the sound of Billy stepping into the tub. He was still blushing. So, he waited for a few more seconds until he dared to look at him again and thank god, Billy was seated by then.

"Gosh, you're a prude." Billy rolled his eyes. "Get in here!"

It felt like an order and Steve wanted to argue. But then, he didn't like the idea of Billy bathing in his hot tub on his own either. This felt pretty wrong by any standards.

While Billy was leaning his head back, sighing and closing his eyes in comfort, Steve started to undress. How was he supposed to act in this situation? Go full-on naked? Keep his briefs on? Both appeared weird to him but he definitely couldn't go and grab his bathing trunks now. Not without getting a weird comment from Hargrove for it. As if bathing in a hot tub together wasn't weird enough, even without

getting naked.

Gathering all the courage he had, Steve pushed down pants and briefs at the same time. He moved fast, trying to get into the tub soon and before Billy was looking at him. Sure, they'd seen each other naked but not like this. Not while they were alone.

Billy opened his eyes only when Steve was sitting on the other side of the tub, getting comfortable. Steve started to regret his position when he noticed that he had to look into Billy's eyes now.

Billy was smirking and then he was turning to the side, wiping a fingertip over the side of the hot tub. "So, I guess you don't come here that often." He raised his finger now, showing that it was darkened by dust.

"Nope."

"A shame if you ask me. This is hella nice." Billy leaned his head back again.

Steve thought about that. Maybe Billy was right and getting in here alone was sad. Or he was used to his parents commenting how he shouldn't just use the hot tub when he felt like it. They always said that it was something for special occasions. Special occasions like whenever they felt like taking a bath.

"If that was my place, I'd have bitches here all the time," Billy said. "They dig a hot tub, Harrington."

"Not as much as you do," Steve mumbled.

"Hm?"

"Not too eager to have random girls over anymore."

"Yeah, nowadays you mainly stick to middle-schoolers, huh?", Billy snorted. "Whats the deal with that? It isn't like some weird kink is it?"

"Ew! No!", Steve cringed. "I'm like their babysitter."

Billy looked around. "So daddy cut your allowance or why do you

need the cash so badly?"

"He didn't..." Steve stopped. There was pretty much no way he could explain to Billy why he babysat them without getting paid. At least not without coming across like the biggest weirdo.

"Whatever. Not that I care," Billy said. Steve thought that he might have noticed how Steve didn't like to explain this further. Or he didn't care. This was Billy after all. "So," after a while, a smile returned to Billy's face. "If you don't quite use this, you probably never banged in here either, did you?"

Steve's eyes widened and he crossed his arms over his chest, feeling pretty naked all the sudden.

"Come on!", Billy grinned. "I won't tell."

"Did you?"

"Not in a hot tub," Billy said. "Pool. Ocean. No hot tub. Yet," he added all smugly.

Steve swallowed.

Billy licked his lips when he returned his gaze towards Steve. "You never answered the question."

"Uh, no I didn't," Steve mumbled, trying to get this over with as soon as possible.

"The pool?"

"Yeah. But not any recent."

"Not Wheeler then?"

"I don't think, that's any of your business."

"Oh come on!", Billy rolled his eyes. "She doesn't look like she's the type for kinky shit, anyway."

"A suppose, she doesn't."

"You're better off without her," Billy said to his surprise.

"If you say so." Steve wasn't too happy with where the conversation was heading but he unfolded his arms. He started to feel less uncomfortable while they were talking.

Billy cleared his throat, drawing Steve's attention again. "You want to?"

Steve frowned. "Want what?"

Billy didn't answer though. He turned to lean out of the hot tub now and displaying his ass for a moment. Steve was way too baffled to look away in time so he watched Billy catching the Kahlúa and taking a big sip out of it. Instead of holding it out for Steve to take, he walked over sitting down right next to him. Steve had lowered his gaze before, trying not to stare at Billy's dick this time.

Steve took the booze, thinking that he probably needed this for whatever was coming. While he was taking a few sips, Billy blurted, "You want to? Fuck in the hot tub, I mean."

Steve choked and a bit of dark liquor burnt his way out through his nostrils and into the tub. "What?", he asked, still coughing, throat burning, too.

Billy chuckled, secured the booze before it fell into the tub and then he turned his head and leaned in. Steve could feel Billy's tongue licking hot and wet from his neck up to his ear. It sent a shiver through his whole body. But then, he had no idea if this was a mean joke or if Billy was for real with this. Steve froze in all his movements for now. Billy pressed his stubbled cheek against Steve's until his hand came to Steve's jaw. He didn't even have to use any force to turn Steve's face to him and catch his lips into a kiss.

Steve, for a moment, had his eyes wide open and still believed that this couldn't be real. He couldn't deny that his dick became very interested in the skillful way Billy's tongue danced over his lips. But this couldn't be real, right? This couldn't be Billy Hargrove kissing him.

"Come on, Harrington, at least give me something here.", Billy mumbled against his mouth. His breath was hot against Steve's skin and when Billy's tongue returned, Steve couldn't hold back any longer. He opened his mouth and Billy immediately groaned, starting to invade any space he got. He bit down on Steve's bottom lip and sucked it in until Steve let out a small whimper.

"That's more like it.", Billy praised, adapting his position so he could kiss Steve at a better angle. Before Steve had any idea what was happening, he had a lap full of Billy, who was hugging his arms around Steve's neck, leaning in close.

Now it was Steve who was leaning forward to get those sinful lips back because he didn't feel like he could give up this kind of kissing any time soon. Not while Billy kissed him so eagerly, rubbing his neck and his back now, too. For a while, this was so good, Steve was almost able to ignore how Billy's hard cock pressed against his belly. And also how he was more than just half-hard himself. He couldn't say that he ever pictured something like this happening. Certainly not after Billy had kicked his ass at the Byers' place. But now? With his one of his arms slung around Billy's back to pull him closer and the other one on his thick thigh? Steve couldn't say that he didn't like where this was heading.

Both of their lips were bitten red by the time Billy leaned back a little, looking at Steve, his pupils dilated. "You've ever done this before?"

"Told you, never in the hot tub," Steve mumbled, shaking his head.

"I mean with another guy, you dumbass," Billy chuckled.

"Oh." Steve felt a blush crawling up his chest and face. "Course not. You?"

"What do you think?" Billy wore this crooked smile and Steve honestly couldn't tell. Minutes ago he would have claimed that Hargrove was definitely straight. As straight as they came. But then there was all this not so straight kissing. Maybe Billy was just bored. Or he came here to do this with Steve.

"Don't rack your brain over this, pretty boy." Billy rolled his eyes but he also leaned in to kiss Steve's neck and that felt nice. "Why don't you sit up on the side, let me show you something?"

Billy was still talking against Steve's skin who leaned into the touch, feeling weak underneath Billy's attention. "I- Yeah, I can do that.", Steve nodded.

"Good." Billy grinned and then he got off of Steve's lap. While Steve tried to get up and sit down where Billy had advised him to, he asked himself whether he was getting the right idea of where this was heading. This could be due to the fact that he'd never gotten head from a girl without requesting it at some point or another. Now, Billy just offering it? That was different.

Billy got settled between Steve's thighs and ran his fingers over them. Steve felt shaky and tense but as soon as Billy bit down on the flesh of his inner thigh, he let out a moan.

"Fuck," Steve mumbled. He was still way too shocked about the things happening, so he couldn't take his eyes away. That might have been a smart move though. Because this way he didn't miss it when Billy leaned in and took Steve's length halfway into his mouth, all in one go.

Steve groaned and clenched both fists, feeling like he needed to hold onto something. As if Billy got an idea of what was going on in Steve's head, he brought Steve's hand to his own hair. Steve stayed hesitant but then he was petting over Billy's head, running his fingers through Billy's thick hair as Billy started to really go for it. Now, Billy, Billy had one hand on Steve's thigh to hold himself in place but he was reaching behind himself with the other one. Steve wondered whether Billy was touching himself. But then, it was kind of hard to pay attention to Billy's hand when Steve could watch his cock disappear between Billy's pink lips.

The enthusiasm with which Billy was sucking him off left Steve in awe. That guy was running his tongue over the underside of Steve's cock or kissing his head made Steve believe, that he must have some experience. No-one could be this good on their first try. But as soon as Billy took him down his throat all the way, Steve didn't care

anymore. Billy could have sucked off hundreds of guys for all he cared. All that mattered was that right now he was giving Steve all his attention.

When Billy was humming around his dick, Steve couldn't help but fist into his hair, even pulling it. Only that seemed to encourage Billy, even more, bobbing his head a little faster, even if by now there were spit and pre-come running down his chin. And Steve was panting. It was almost embarrassing, how close he already was. Because he was usually pretty good at putting off his own orgasm for a little bit.

Billy appeared to be getting the idea and right when Steve was positive, he lost his mind in Billy's hot mouth, he pulled off. Steve let out a needy whine. He didn't even care how embarrassing that might have sounded because his cock was wet and swollen. He wanted to get off now. Needed to.

"Please," Steve whimpered.

"As much as I'd love to taste you right now, King Steve," Billy started, "it would be a shame to waste such an opportunity. Because why should I keep blowing you when you could be fucking me right now?" He grinned shamelessly.

"Really?", Steve asked, feeling a bit dumb about this.

"I mean, unless you don't want to...", Billy said. "But, I swear, it's worth it."

Billy reached for Steve's hand then to pull him down into the tub, before he straddled his hips again.

"Won't we need a condom?", Steve asked when Billy started to kiss him.

"I'm clean if that's what you mean. And I suppose, so are you," Billy said with a wink. "Also, it's not like I'll end up pregnant from this."

Steve snorted. "Let's hope not." He couldn't help his own dorky grin and he caught Billy's lips into a kiss again.

"I'm prepped and all. So you... just push in real slow and we're good

to go, alright?", Billy said. "Imma ride you so good, you'll never want back to fucking any of those cows here."

There was a bit of mocking in Billy's voice but Steve didn't doubt that he meant this the way he said it.

While Steve held on to Billy's waist, he was reaching down between them. He positioned himself just so he could sink down right onto Steve's cock. Steve had the hardest time from keeping his hips to buck up or to take this too fast. But he'd never felt anything this tight and hot before and yeah, maybe the Kahlúa was helping or it was the steamy room but Steve was gone. His head was falling back and he let out a line of desperate moans until Billy was seated completely.

"Oh god," Steve groaned.

"Yeah, you're bigger than I thought." Billy was panting, too, his face in a pretty shade of pink.

It took both of them a moment to get used to the feeling. Steve felt like it took him longer than Billy, even though he wasn't the one getting fucked here. But when Billy started moving, Steve was so into it. This was a whole new level of sex, hot tub or not. Billy was riding him quite like Steve would have expected him to. With a smug expression on his face, moving fast and roughly. Soon they were both groaning, holding onto each other with the water splashing over the side of the pool. Steve was meeting each of Billy's movements with an upward thrust he seemed to really enjoy.

"Should I?" Steve looked down at Billy's cock, throbbing between them. He didn't wait for Billy's answer and started to pump it a few times, just like he would have done it with his own. The way Billy was humming at that sounded amazing and Steve twisted his wrists a few times, too, going on with this.

"I'm close, Steve," Billy admitted and Steve wasn't sure if this was the first time Billy had ever called him by his first name. The sarcasm was gone from his voice, too, so this felt way more intimate.

Steve nodded. "Yeah, me too."

By now, Billy wasn't moving up and down on his cock so much as he was basically only rutting against him. This still felt amazing and Steve had been close to shooting his load already when Billy had just blown him.

Billy then took one of his hands from Steve's shoulder and moved it to Steve's hand that was wrapped around his dick. Steve enjoyed the feeling of a firm and skillful palm around his own and Billy showed him exactly how he liked being touched. Steve couldn't help it and he leaned forward to kiss Billy again. Lips pressed together, he could feel the exact moment, Billy's cock started to twitch in his hand, as he was coming. It didn't take much more than this for Steve to follow and cling onto Billy as he was riding him through the orgasm.

For a while, they stayed like this. Steve's softening cock still inside of Billy, somehow both of them in a soft embrace, catching their breaths. There were some lazy kisses, too and as Steve was getting down from this high, he started to wonder what all this meant. Was this like a one time kind of thing, both of them a little too riled up, coming from enemies to almost friends? Or was this something they could have? He sure had never thought about Billy like this before but just holding him felt nice. Fucking him felt amazing. He wasn't sure he was willing to give it up any time soon.

"Wanted to do this for a while," Billy admitted.

"Why didn't you say so?"

"Thought you hated me." Billy shrugged. "Or you weren't over your ex. Whatever. Didn't think this was an option."

"Why today?", Steve asked.

Billy leaned back a bit and watched Steve. Carefully and with caution. "You looked sad. When the kids had to leave. The rain and all. Felt like maybe you shouldn't be alone today."

Steve wasn't sure what he should say to this apart from "Thanks."

"Thanks for letting me in your hot tub," Billy smirked.

Steve smiled and he got the feeling that maybe this wasn't a one-time

thing after all.

Author's Note:

Feel free to come talk to me on Tumblr
[@Confettibites](#). :)